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THE
GUERRILLA-BRIDE:
A POEM.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE FAITHFUL HOSTLER," "VOLUNTEERS OF
THE REVOLUTION," "HUNTED TORIES," ETC.

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TO
LORIN ANDREWS, A. M.,
PRESIDENT OF KENYON COLLEGE,
MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,
AS A HUMBLE TOKEN OF MY HIGH REGARD,
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.
THE AUTHOR.

C O N T E N T S .

C A N T O I.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY AND HIS DAUGHTER.

C A N T O II.

THE MURDER AND THE CAPTIVE.

C A N T O III.

WAR WITH THE APACHES.

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THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO I.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY AND HIS DAUGHTER

I.

COME, gentle Muse, thou art not coy;
I well in thy kind aid may joy;
Thou givest numbers to my hand,
But canst not make at my command
The gold to fill the Poet's purse —
To him stern poverty's a curse —
But never mind — just aid our rhyme,
And thoughts of gold shall not engross our time.

II.

Come cheerily, then, as light and gay
As the young bride on wedding day;
And aid as thou hast oft before:
Than ever may I love thee more:
Teach me the good old Saxon tongue
In which such noble ones have sung;
Help me to make my unprized lays
Still prove its strength, and emulate its praise.

III.

I will not sing of pleasures all
Unstained with blood. Awhile I'll call
On war and rapine, treacherous wrong
To mingle in my lighter song,
As in the ranch by love-light now
I touch my harp to lover's vow,
As o'er adventures wild I glide
And sing the fair, the young Guerilla-Bride.

IV.

Love has been sung by poets old ;
Love in each strain by all is told ;
Then I shall sing nought new or strange ;
Nor yet sing I for party change,
But touch the theme that oft invites
The Muse's voice to sing delights
Of love in chance and hazard, pride
Hymenial of the young Guerilla-Bride.

V.

I sing of gratitude returned
By him who else each plea had spurned.
And the offender left to die,
Swung by ignoble noose on high,
The death of all, the most despised,
By tyrant fierce, no doubt, devised ;
And when with shame he thus had died,
A widow leave the young Guerilla-Bride.

VI.

In southern clime, where fig-trees grow.
And Freedom struck her latest blow;
Where th' orange scents the softer gale,
And bison graze along the vale,
On Mexico's extended plain
That stretches far to either main,
Below Cordillera's flowering side
We first beheld the young Guerilla-Bride.

VII.

Our Muse beheld in dreamy mood
The beauty born of Spanish blood,
Her brow so fair, her step so light,
Her form all speaking pure delight,
Perhaps it was an idle dream,
Yet it so like the truth did seem.
I can but think the Muse espied
The fair, the gay, the young Guerilla-Bride.

VIII.

The Prairie! Ocean spreading wide,
And swept by tempests, like the tide
Of waters on the leeward shore ;
Thy tall grass undulations bore,
And the helpless birds flap their wings,
And plunge, and fly, affrighted things ;
Huge bison roll, as dolphins glide,
Along the prairie of the young Guerilla-Bride.

IX.

Yet when thou 'rt calm, thy hue
Appears so like the tranquil blue
Of ocean, thou dost oft remind
Me of its calmness, when the wind
Is hushed and the tall vessel lies
Seareely moved by its gasping sighs,
And flap the useless sails — so wide
Is th' prairie where dwells the Guerilla-Bride.

X.

I have twice ridden ocean's wave,
And joyed as the big billows lave
The surging bark. I've felt the shout
To rise within me when the spout
Of some strong wave broke o'er the side,
Down rushing on me in a tide
Of weltering waters, and I shook
My drenched garments with a drowned look,

XI.

But with a real joy, akin
To that I've felt in youth within
The streaming waterfall. 'T were sure
An hour of wild delight so pure
My heart grew big, and leaped as leaped
The rushing billows as they heaped
Far o'er the wide extended waste,
And with white foam each watery mountain graced.

XII.

So, too, when gazing on the wide
Prairie, fenced in on every side
By the blue heav'ns, and see it roll,
That same wild impulse grasps my soul.
And gives it strange bewilderment ;
Makes me believe that nature's lent,
In all its forms, for happiness,
And t' make man still his sovereign Maker bless.

XIII.

This passion seized me once again,
When gazing o'er Apaches' plain,
I saw on either hand but sky,
Save to the far-off' west, where high
The mountains loom their sombre forms.
Whose view imagination warms
With new idea of the vast,
Sublimer worship to the Protoplasm.

XIV.

Upon that plain a mansion stands
Where far the view all round commands :
The cragged peaks of Madra there
Loom far off up in middle air,
And rest their backs against the sky,
As tall oaks rifted by the tempest high
Fall, resting on their neighbors bowed ;
So Madra leans against the western cloud.

XV.

The plain extends on either side,
With dowrets sprinkled far and wide
In wild luxuriance, and the herd
Of horses, deer, or bison, stirred
By some unusual noise, hence lie,
And devions far for safety fly ;
Behind they leave th' tall herbage bowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud

XVI.

That mansion was the home of prayer,
For sacred duty brought them there;
The savage mind to christian ways,
The idol-worship into praise
Was work for him to do, who glad
Would lay down life and all he had
To win them on to heaven's high road,
Where Madra leans agains the western cloud.

XVII.

Moravia, thou hast to the wilderness
Sent many a deep-learned son to bless
The aborigines. May all
The Christian world thee blessed call,
And cherish thy religion. I
For all thy scattered children sigh
A prayer. In prayer Moravians bowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XVIII.

The legate to Apaches, man forlorn,
Moravia's son, of Spanish mother born,
And married to a Spanish bride ;
Spoke many tongues, had travelled wide ;
Among the red-men of the West
Had lived, and longed to see them blest ;
And to their welfare life had vowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XIX.

He had a bigot been when found
And led home by this sect renowned—
The virgin worshipped, and his beads
Oft counted, mindless of his deeds ;
But once convinced of error, taught
Religion's purer way, each thought
For service beat, to the yoke bowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XX.

That mansion was a blest retreat,
Mid nature's wildest scenes its seat,
With beauty teeming there and song;
One well might worship Heaven long
Untiring; but the sight most fair
To gazers was a mortal there —
A beanteous one to make all prond,
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXI.

Dare I attempt to paint her brow
By aid of Muse? Why, even now
The jealous prude declines her aid
To paint her, fair and rival maid.
Dark was her Spanish brow; her eye
With sparks of quick intelligence fly —
Her raven locks — her step so proud
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXII.

But most in beauty shone her face,
When bowed before the throne of grace ;
There seemed a breathing fire to rise,
And dropping beauty from the skies
That shed its halo on her brow
In showers, such her virgin vow ;
And such the beauteous one who vowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXIII.

Have you not seen in closet's bar,
When th' door was careless left ajar,
A maiden bowed in prayer ? If you
Have never seen that fairer view —
If you 've not seen the hands clasped there —
The jeweled tear — the flouting hair,
You have not seen what was embrowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXIV.

If you 've not seen the beautiful
In sadness sit enthroned, the full
Flush of th' repentant heart, and heard
The trembling, scarcely-whispered word
Of pardon sought, then you have missed
Earth's fairest jewel, heaven's amethyst.
Go, then, and see the maiden bowed
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXV.

What parent has not loved the more?
Who could not fall affection pour
For such a daughter? Who 'd not feel
That earth and Heaven unite their weal
To bless them, though in savage lands
Amid the scorning, threat'ning bands,
Endangered secret and aloud
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXVI.

That father doted on his child —
His earthly all amid that wild,
Amid that rudely barbarous race —
His helper in the path of grace.
He loved to see her fling her hair,
Curling and flouting in the air,
And ride her Indian barb so proud
Where Madra leans against the western cloud.

XXVII.

He loved her and his home so fair
Amid the wild race of his mission there.
Where do we learning more revere
Than in high Heaven's minister?
If there be one man that I love
The most, he who from Him above
Has been declared his messenger
I welcome first of all to mortals here.

XXVIII.

He opes his lips, and thence is flung
From clearer, heaven-instructed tongue
The words of life and love divine,
That bid us all our sins resign.
He yet, though frowned upon and shunned
By some, stands undismayed, a fund
Of counsel and support from Heav'n,
For all his trying needs, aye being given.

XXIX.

What though we see him often bear
A deeply solemn, troubled air !
The weight of his responsibility,
Though vast, he yet can never flee.
His flock must oft be warned to shun
The path to hell, and taught to run
The road that leads to heavenly bliss ;
And loudly cry, lest some the pathway miss.

XXX.

And oft he must that ery repeat—
Let those who feel the lash retreat,
And ‘meddler’ cry;— his mission calls
To censure wrong where'er it falls,
Encourage those who ’re in the right,
And mingle in the hottest fight.
Then on to battle! Brave the foe!
Untampering death to every evil show.

XXXI.

Bind up the mourner’s bleeding wound,
And virtue see with triumph crowned;
Go to the wild tribes of the West—
Go where the Gospel has not blest
The nations of the earth, and preach
The Savior, pure Religion teach;
Your sickle shall not strike in vain,
But reap for you and them eternal gain.

XXXII.

O, is there aught on earth more dear
Than love's parental, home-born cheer ?
That love, like tones of well-tuned harp
Æolian, low, or loud, or sharp,
Or soft, a thousand tones in one
All blending and harmonious run.
So runs the love that parents know,
The love that lingers longest here below.

XXXIII.

A parent's love gold cannot buy ;
Nor banished e'en by sorrow's sigh.
Ne'er all the bands that ever played
Half such enrapturing music made
As careless childhood's prattling song
That comes, as zephyrs float along :
All things the bliss parental show,
The love that lingers longest here below.

XXXIV.

Even the dead ones we have lain
In the deep grave, alive again
To memory, come with prattle round
Our knees so like the morning sound
Of waking, and we know that they
Are ringing songs in endless day.
O, it is blest, indeed, to know
The love that lingers longest here below.

XXXV.

Nor yet the parent's love is all ;
This living love 's reciprocal.
Children can never know the whole
Weight resting on their tender soul
Till time shall spin the magic thread
That binds the living to the dead ;
Then shall they freely oft bestow
The love that lingers longest here below.

XXXVI.

I have oft listened to sweet song;
I have heard music still prolong
Her notes ecstatic to the ear;
But never did I, can I hear
Notes half so sweet as mother's voice
That fills the heart, makes it rejoice:
I could all other joy forego
But love that lingers longest here below.

XXXVII.

Thus love I aye that blessed one,
Who being gave a wretched son;
Though sick and sighing, way-worn still,
There's feeling yet that will distil
Pure love for her who's left below
Waiting to see her children go
To Heaven before her. Mother, soon
Consumption shall on me its work have done.

XXXVIII.

Say, mother, thinkest thou at times
Of one repentant of his crimes?
Say, mother, shall the falling tear
Purchase for me forgiveness here?
Shall crystal drops avail, you shed,
As in lone prayer you bowed your head,
In prayer for me, thy erring son
On whom consumption has its work near done?

XXXIX.

Say, mother, wilt thou think of me?
As o'er my sister's tomb, shall be
The mourners' sighs full often heard?
Ah, I'm escaped, forgotten bird,
From home's loved cage; can never know
How soft affection's waters flow:
Not long for him their murmurs run,
On whom consumption has its work near done.

XL.

I have endured more wrongs, and heaved
More whirlwind sighs from heart aggrieved
Than were enough of those to load
A bark, of these the watery road
To drive it o'er — the watery wake
The briny tears I've shed might make ;
Yet, mother, loves thee still thy son,
E'en though consumption has its work near done.

XLI.

Thus loved the father of that maid ;
The maiden loved thus ; and they played
Both tangled in the web inwove
Betwixt and round them both by love ;
Nor would they break the golden woof
Spun in such love-lit task, a proof
That they on earth, in Heaven shall know
The love that lingers longest here below.

XLII.

And it were well if never aught
Should break this life of even thought.
I would that mansion might for aye,
That love connubial display,
That filial piety so pure —
And its exterior sweets endure —
That he the red man, his own, show
The love that lingers longest here below.

XLIII.

Yet, ah, we scarcely know the hour,
We dream not of the secret power,
That, ere we are aware, quick springs
Some ill, and swift destruction brings.
As springs the hunter's trap, and takes
Th' unwary sable, so ill breaks
Upon us, while in dreams but flow
The love that lingers longest here below.

XLIV.

It strikes without one sign or beck,
As lightning, leaving us a wreck,
When good had been our fond design.
Marked only by the darkened line
That shows destruction's track ; but most
This ruin from the savage host
Who, raging, wish not e'en to know
The love that lingers longest here below.

XLV.

And oft destruction is most sure
To those whose life-light is as pure
As morning sunbeams — those whose life
Is with good-will to mankind rife
And messages of heavenly love :
Old prejudices war-clubs prove,
That strike with vengeful arm, nor slow.
The love that lingers longest here below.

XLVI.

That father in his mission wild,
Hope occidental beaming mild,
Recked little of the sudden gust
Of savage fury that in dust
Should lay his hopes, him in a tomb
Of ashes, an untimely doom
That soon shall on him sudden fall,
As rushes on the mariner the squall.

XLVII.

Thus did the settlers of the soil,
From quick attack and quick recoil,
Much suffer; and who 'scaped the blow.
Had vengeance in him waked, that slow.
But sure, has, driving, forced to fly
The white man's native enemy;
Nor longer treacherous knife may fall.
As rushes on the mariner the squall.

XLVIII.

The oft-told tales of tortnred wrong,
Preserved in history or song,
Might check the purple flow so crude,
And freeze to ice the circling blood.
They oft were used to scare me when
A child, till dreading darkness then,
I wished that darkness were not formed,
For Indians in my dreams around me swarmed.

XLIX.

Oft as I saw some wand'rer stroll,
With basket slung behind, the whole
Supported by a strap o'erdrawn
Across her brow of lofty brawn,
And bearing ample load of ware,
Of beads and baskets, spangles fair,
I'd fly till mother barrier formed,
For e'en in day-dreams Indians round me swarmed.

L.

I 've sometimes seen a drunken wag
Draw his tobacco-pouch, and brag,
While dangling its long auburn hair,
That 'twas the scalp of white-child fair;
And heard his war-yell wild, as rum
Made fancy see the foeman come;—
Then hatred to the race was formed,
And e'en in day-dreams Indians round me swarmed.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO II

THE MURDER AND THE CAPTIVE.

I.

UPON the brink of Rio Grand,
Where thick the cotton-wood trees stand,
When night had drawn her veil around
The lowering brow of day, and bound
Her eyelids close, a savage band,
With knife and hatchet in each hand,
Squat round the blazing fire, nor fell
A sound, not e'en a murmur gutteral.

II.

Yet fiercely every dark eye glared,
And every o'erstrained muscle shared
The deathly-hushed and awful will,
That but the war-shout waits to fill
The forest and the plain beyond
With vengeful cries, to which respond
The mountains, echoing back again
The war-cry o'er the far-extended plain.

III.

A tall old chief of towering strength
The council-fire approached at length
With solemn mien and stately tread,
With gay plumes floating from his head;
A moment gazed on those around—
His tall plumes nod—a guttural sound—
A grunt from every warrior there,
Shows their approval, they his feelings share.

IV.

Quick the unerring tomahawk
Goes whizzing to the tree, the dawk
Filled with the clinging weapon's edge—
His scalping knife stood, like a sedge,
Within the soil. He grasped a brand,
And twirled it, writhing in his hand,
And gave a devlish whoop so loud,
That Madra heard, reclining on the cloud.

V.

Not quicker he, than warriors all,
With weapons gore the lint-trees tall ;
Their scalping-knives thrust in the earth,
And give the war-whoop double birth :
All scatter sparkling brands around,
And dance to diabolic sound
Of whoop and clamor, clap and song,
Whose notes old Madra's echoes still prolong.

VI.

Wild was the furor of the dance,
And wilder, fiercer still the glance
Of those dark warriors' burning eyes,
As whirled they, leaped, and whooped the skies,
Till in a foam became upstrung
Their limbs, and froths the lolling tongue
At whoop and clamor, clap and song,
Whose notes old Madra's echoes still prolong.

VII.

Thus till the moon had climbed the heaven,
And had her web begun to spin
On which she clammers down again,
Did the fierce tumult run amain.
Each grasped his weapons from their place,
Then with thick paint bedaubed his face ;
Each raised the notes of death's last song,
Whose gurgles Madra's echoes still prolong.

VIII.

Then gathered near the dark-eyed squaw,
With her papoose, that thongs close draw
To the confining bark, to wail
The wife's farewell. Ah, nought avail
When fiercer passions rise to drain
The white man's blood upon the plain.
All night the wigwam hears thy song
Which only Madra's echoes still prolong.

IX.

One Indian-maiden, crying, clung
T' her father, the tall chief we've sung —
“Stay, stay thy hand; nor raise the knife;
The white man's good, and loves his wife;
His daughter trembling at his knee,
Gives love to him, to you and me.
Stay! do the white-man's head no wrong:
Let Madra's echoes still his joy prolong.”

X.

“ Go, Nora, tend the waning fire,
And leave the battle to thy sire.
Shall such pale-faces dare to bound
With stakes our ancient hunting-ground,
And scare the bison and the deer
Awood? What business has he here?
Does not he do the red-man wrong
Where Madra’s echoes still his cry prolong?

XI.

“ Do not the white-men hate as we ?—
They wish the heretic to see
Sent to the spirit-land. Ho, braves,
Dig for them broad and bloody graves ;
Let th’ battle-cry be heard, and fling
The brand into their home, and bring
Scalps back to cheer your squaws. Be strong;
Let Madra’s echoes war-cries loud prolong.”

XII.

The Indian-girl would fain obey ;
But first, by warning, would delay.
“ My father, hearest thou the tread
Of the Great Spirit ? Long the dead
He bids me mourn. Go, if thou wilt —
The spiller has his own blood spilt —
The South West Country waits thy song,
Beyond where Madra’s echo-tones prolong.”

XIII.

The chieftain heeded not her cry :
Believe not in her prophecy :
The band by the tall chieftain led,
With bending backs and lengthened tread.
Extended line of warrior-force,
Stretched to the plain their evil course :
Each with a brand, snatched as they go,
Into the white-man’s mansion burning t’ throw.

XIV.

Young Nora, the fair Indian-maid,
Gazing, awhile her footsteps stayed,
Till in the distance on her sight
The last brand, glimmering, lost its light ;
She then turns homeward to depart,
Wild wails, and beats her sorrowing heart,
The wigwam fire with faggots piles,
And sings her sadly mournful dirge the whiles.

XV.

“ He’s gone to lay the white-man low ;
The white-man gives to him a blow
That makes death gurgle in his throat,
And checks the partly uttered shout.
Together shall their bodies lie,
Death dealing to each other, die,
While Nora long the faggots piles,
And sings her sadly mournful dirge the whiles.

XVI.

"The tall tree bends before the stroke—
The hatchet bows the lofty oak—
The white-man falls within his door—
The chieftain waves his plume no more—
The riven trees the wigwam light—
The bodies of the slain delight
The lapping flames, while Nora piles,
And sings her sadly mournful dirge the whiles.

XVII.

"Give back, give back the white-man's life ;
And smoke the peace-pipe— let not strife
Arouse the war-club -- throw the brand
And hatchet from your bloody hand ;
The peace-pipe's smoking should prevail
Where now Apache-women wail.
Let Nora light from fire she piles,
Nor sing her sadly mournful dirge the whiles.

XVIII.

" From the red-stone my hand has made
The ample bowl ; and from the shade,
From far within the sedge-moor low,
From out the swamp where long reeds grow,
With my own father's war-knife keen,
I cut its stem, both long and green --
Let Nora light from fire she piles,
Nor sing her sadly mournful dirge the whiles.

XIX.

" He hears me not — the Great Spirit calls ;
Him to the South West Country calls —
He goes, goes by the white-man's arm —
The white-man falls by th' red-man's storm —
Together weltering in their blood —
Together make for flames the food —
In vain the moments Nora whiles,
And sings her sadly mournful dirge the whiles."

XX.

Thus sang the maid in prophet mood,
And fiercer still the watch-fire glowed;
But while this grew, the council flame
An ashy smouldering heap became—
The braves, forgetful that the moan
From lodge-flues thus has heavenward gone,
Ran measured o'er the lengthened way
To where mid-plain the mission dwelling lay.

XXI.

Each with his smoking brand behind,
Nursed into sparkles by the wind,
With silence deep the mansion reach,
And neath the sill deposits each
The coals piled on each other there,
And nursed to flame with breathing care:
Soon flames might well direct the way
To where mid-plain the mission dwelling lay.

XXII.

One dreadful yell of fury, led
By the tall chief, roused from his bed
The missionary. Brave, yet good,
With axe in hand, he fearless stood
Upon the burning door-step high,
Forefront the chieftain's savage eye.
They meet — they strike — and mingle they
Their blood mid plain where th' mission dwelling lay.

XXIII.

The yell half uttered in his throat
Died out from fury's savage note
To gasping sigh for waning breath ;
And flames seized both as soon as death ;
But louder yelled the remnant band —
In mothers' blood imbrued the hand,
And servants' ; gladdens them to slay
All where mid-plain the mission dwelling lay.

XXIV.

All lay there mid the slain save one,
The maiden fair ; and she had run,
At first alarm, and sought in prayer
Of God his counsel and his care.
Thus kneeled she, poured her tears and cries,
While sweetness melted in her eyes,
And shed a halo all around,
That o'er her shone and echoed in each sound.

XXV.

The savage fiends o'erhear her cries,
And break in on her exercise.
She heeds them not, nor fears the blow
That they in threatening gestures show ; —
Her trust in God has swallowed all,
E'en if the tomahawk should fall —
That halo struck an awe profound,
That o'er her shone, and echoed in each sound.

XXVI.

The savage devils stood amazed,
While timbers crackled round them, gazed,
Forget their rage, the flames' wild glare,
Such power hath effectual prayer.
They grasp, and lead her from the flames,
And give of their own pretty names,
“The Red Sky of the Morning”—bear
Her to their distant village lodge with care.

XXVII.

A chair made of their joining hands,
And bore the nymph of heavenly lands
To Nora's lonely dwelling. Nora claims
Her for her father in the flames,
And “Red Sky” asks for Nora's love
Instead of father gone above—
They much each other's love-light share
Beneath the village lodge prepared with care.

XXVIII.

Though much the women tend her wants,
And Nora leads to beauteous haunts,
And loves her with a child's caress,
Yet mourns she long with sad distress
Her parent buried in the flame,
The earthly ruin of the noble frame,
Yet trusts a heavenly home to share,
As she, the village badge prepared with care.

XXIX.

Oft would she to the grove retire,
And pour out there her heart's desire
In fervent prayer, so sadly mild,
'T was like the wishes of a child ;
While Nora, like a busked sprite,
Tripped after with an awed delight,
Bowed with her, too ; or awe-struck stood,
And whispered, " 'Red Sky of the Morning', good."

XXX.

Young warriors, painted for the fray,
Gazed on her as the flush of day,
Just dawning, sat upon her cheek
In contrast with her dark eye meek.
They stopped the wild war-dance to gaze
On faith and beauty's heavenly plays ;
They murmured, but at distance stood,
They murmured, " 'Red Sky of the Morning', good."

XXXI.

She, captive, ceased not to fulfil
The mission to the Red-Man still,
Nor failed her courage to display
To all, who 'd list, the heavenward way ;
To Nora taught the Sacred Book,
And taught to pray ; and oft as look
The dames upon them in that mood,
They whispered, " 'Red Sky of the Morning', good."

XXXII.

What long her father failed to gain,
She won by unpretending strain,
Retired amid the sheltering wood,
But soon she saw resulting good ;
Devotion made the Christian bold,
And with new interest soon the old,
The young list to instruction there,
And own the power of Effectual Prayer.

XXXIII.

The query of the Christian mind
Why they do not an answer find
To their petitions, sent with moan
Contrite to his eternal throne,
Admits an answer short and plain.
'T is true they ask for what they 'd gain,
A blessing on the longing soul,
Of which they cannot comprehend the whole.

XXXIV.

They cease not to let earth's vain smiles
Tempt them to bow to Satan's wiles —
Their weaker faith gives not to know
The blessings God would glad bestow —
Their confidence too weak to wait
With minds in an unperturbed state,
Relies not on his revelation, plain
As morning sunlight in his earliest train.

XXXV.

When they with routine dulness read
The Book Divine, they see, indeed,
The promise there in plainer lines,
But feel not all its grand designs.
They see not clear as saw the maid,
A captive in the wild tribe stayed,
When she relied upon it, plain
As morning sunlight in his earliest train.

XXXVI.

Not thus their blinded minds see plain,
Thence do not consolation gain,
And Heaven's as cold as earth around ;
Their souls in icy fetters bound,
As when the hunter mid the snow
Of Alps sees distant hearth-fires glow,
Would reach their warming flame,
But cannot, for the stupor of his frame.

XXXVII.

The winds chill one in every part,
So sin has chilled the other's heart,
And while the one, prone on the snow,
Sees warmth but cannot reach the glow,
Till death has snapped life's brittle thread,
So this to heavenly bliss is dead ;
Yet struggling still to reach the flame,
But cannot, for the stupor of his frame.

XXXVIII.

Perhaps they 've been misfortune's mark ;
Or, may be, as some laden bark
On ocean far, by wild winds tost,
In whelming waves like to be lost,
With spreading sails and helm to wind,
Directs its course the port to find,
At length on placid waters rides,
And feels not pressure on its groaning sides.

XXXIX.

Refitted soon, no longer shows
It marks of late distressful woes ;
So they turn Godward their desires
For once in longing mood. The fires
Of sacrifice before the chart
Burn, and the needle of the heart
Is watched ; but once these winds subside,
They soon forget the pressure on its side.

XL.

Not so the maiden — dangers round,
She prayed as erst, and yet the sound,
When danger passed, the stillness broke
Of those old woods, as if outspoke
An angel. Would you to your prayer
An answer gain, you aye must bear
To th' altar faith that God doth know
To succor or afflict — to give or ward the blow —

XLI.

That faith in God, which has no need
That mind by miracles be freed
From doubt, that it may then believe
That He 'll petitions then receive.
The doubt, the fear must first be gone,
Religion in deep draughts be drawn.
Rely upon it, God doth know
To succor or afflict — to give or ward the blow.

XLII.

Though gloom oft hang around the mind,
As round the mountain's crest we find
The gathering thunderbolt involved,
That seems to melt it, so dissolved
The soul may seem in grief, and feel,
Like that, the lightning's shock, and reel ;
Yet as that cloud will clear away,
So faith gives hope of an eternal day.

XLIII.

And as we know that mountain's there,
With cliff' on cliff' sublimely fair ;
So faith sees, through the frowning scene,
God's truths reflected in his mien ;
Though tempests toss the writhing soul,
As raging winds mad ocean roll,
Its faith flies strong secure away
In the glad hope of an eternal day.

XLIV.

As glides the bark well built and strong
Old ocean's rolling waves along ;
So, too, the soul by pow'r divine,
Will often cross the heavenly line
By prayer — in calm or storm glides still,
While winds celestial, breathing, fill
The spreading sails, till, wafted there,
It feels the strength of true, effectual prayer.

XLV.

Behold the Maid of angel soul,
Whose faith can strong desire control,
And rise to God in winged prayer,
As soars the lark in morning air ;
See her bowed at Religion's shrine,
Her brow serene looks half divine
As drinks she faith from Heaven there,
And knows the blessing of effectual prayer.

XLVI.

Enjoyed she earth, or felt its rod,
She were believing child of God.
Behold her as she calmly bends
Before the mercy seat, and sends
Her God-directed prayer on high ;
She knows that God still draws her nigh,
That she his answering bliss may share,
And know the blessings of effectual prayer.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO IV.

WAR WITH THE APACHES.

I.

When once the bear has tasted blood
His stomach loathes all other food;
So, once the savage vengeance gluts
In predatory war, all feeling shuts
He from his brutal heart, and drives
The knife and brand wherever lives
He finds to madly check the breath,
And give him wild excitement at the death.

II.

Not always first the savage wakes
His fury. Jealous hatred makes
The white man rouse them to annoy
Whose nation differs, or destroy
The prospering work of rival sects ;
And thus the work of murder checks
The good that might be done by faith,
Nor give him wild excitement at the death.

III.

Religion, art thou thus debased ?
That thou may'st reign, must be erased
All other creeds but favored one,
Referred to man to judge alone ?
Or may not each, who loves his God,
Exempted be from other's rod ?
At least may he not breathe his breath,
Nor give this wild excitement at the death ?

IV.

In days when inquisitions ruled,
And all must die, or else be schooled
In Roman form and Roman faith,
And walk the same unthinking path,
There might be some excuse, but now,
When free inquiry lights each brow,
But fiends would wake the Indian's breath,
And give him wild excitement at the death.

V.

'T was fiends in sacerdotal stole,
Priests and priest-ridden, fiends the whole,
Who waked Apaches to do wrong
To him who taught, in prayer and song,
The trail to Heaven: who roused their ire,
And lit the blazing council-fire;
Who bade them to the war-path go,
And to defenceless victims give the blow.

VI.

But as rebounds the rapid ball,
When thrown with force against the wall ;
So priests, and so priest-ridden feel
Their counsel to them turn in steel :
The savage waked to bloody deeds,
The waker by the wakened, bleeds :
To many Creole homes they go,
And to defenceless victims give the blow.

VII.

The retribution is but just —
But rouse ! Chihuahua must
Drive back the fiends o'er Rio Grand :
Now swords are drawn by many a hand,
And carbines — war's dread array,
Drums, war-steeds, and plumes floating gay :
Brave men, and woman's tears all show
Defenceless victims have received the blow.

VIII.

Now forth they move in long array,
To music's martial notes, and gay
The banners float upon the breeze,
And toppling plumes, like mimic trees.
But most of all who lead the throng,
One gallant Chieftain rides along;
Not other such battallions lead
As this young Chief upon his snow-white steed.

IX.

Forth leads his band along the street,
While maidens wave their scarfs to greet
The fairest, bravest of the throng
That pour the streets to war along.
He feels elated at the sight,
And rides in still more gallant plight.
The shout grants not to others need
As this young Chief upon his snow-white steed.

X.

His charger, even, seems to know
They more than usual honors show
His rider, curbs his flowing mane,
And prances with a high disdain ;
He bears him loftily away
To well-bought honors in the fray,
And to the pleasures of love-leef—
It is—it is the young Guerilla-Chief.

XI.

Forth many a weary mile they move,
O'er plain and hill, through stream and grove,
To hunt the dusky warriors' home,
As to the lion's lair they'd come,
Attack him in his den, and draw
Him lifeless forth with great eclat :
Thus forth with rage, and yet with grief
They go, led by the young Guerilla-Chief.

XII.

At length a long and weary train,
They distant see Apache's plain,
With Rio Grand, of limpid sheen,
And fringed with forests, in between :
The sun behind them sets on fire
The mountains' far receding spire,
And gives a glory to the West,
Like that bright glory hanging round the blest.

XIII.

The camp prepared, the tents all set,
The pickets stationed, all beset
The fare substantial, and the bowl
And pipe add merriment of soul,
While earth its evening wrapper drew --
Its wrapper dark and wet with dew --
In closer folds, which seems a vest,
Unlike that glory hanging round the blest.

XIV.

But through the web there steal the rays
From far upon the plain, where blaze
The camp-fires of the hated foe,
Whose light against the distance show
The dusky forms of warriors armed,
To readiness for fight alarmed,
And lights them up in plumage drest,
Like that bright glory hanging round the blest.

XV.

The heat of passion, raised by wine,
Pervades the quick extended line.
“ Lead to the foe — for fight ! ” they cry,
Till, crying, runs the tumult high —
The vibrant drums beat wild alarms,
The soldiers all are ranged in arms
To meet, and conquer e'er the dawn —
To meet the dusky foe each sword is drawn.

XVI.

For battle every bosom burns —
The fear of death each soldier spurns —
The martial strain, the foe in sight,
Awakes to frenzy's wild delight —
Awakes to vengeance for the wrongs
Of savage foe ; and thus the throngs,
Aroused, swear ere shall break the dawn
To meet the dusky foe in battle drawn.

XVII.

Forth march they mid the evening gloom
To give the foe, or get a tomb —
The foe that dance upon the plain
Their war-dance, and whose forms again,
And still again, flit by the blaze,
Like spectres, which awhile displays
Their uncouth figures, then in gloom
They melt away, as spectres, to the tomb.

XVIII.

Ah, they shall meet ere reached yon foe,
And many a soldier shall lie low,
With death-dew gathered on his brow,
From savage, hid by tree and bough
In ambush ; such the secret snare
That those dark forest sons prepare,
And wing the shot of certain doom,
That melts the foe, as spectres, to the tomb.

XIX.

They take the trail that to the ford
Of Rio Grand leads, and, at word
Of loud command, pause on the brink
To let their thirsty chargers drink,
Then plashing, shouting, wading, ride,
And climb the wooded farther side ;
Yet little reek they of the doom
That shall melt them, as spectres, to the tomb.

XX.

Conealed a thousand warriors lie --
Conealed, all but the glaring eye
That sparkles with a fiendish rage
In the fierce battle to engage,
And twinkles pleasure as they hem
The whites in with their stratagem,
But too successful for that doom
That shall melt them as spectres to the tomb.

XXI.

Chihuahua's sons now all immersed
Within the wood, a dreadful burst
Of yells resounds from unseen foe,
And death is dealt in many a blow —
Amazed they falter, and fall back ;
But roused, now rush to the attack
With double rage, intent to shed
Of savage blood in vengeance for the dead.

XXII.

Swift flies the ball—loud rings the sword—
Dire is the yell—the urging word
As shrill—and tumult—vengeance—hell,
The whole in single word to tell—
The shout of triumph, and the groan—
The gurgle of those nearly gone
In death's last agony, as shed
Of savage blood in vengeance for the dead.

XXIII.

None fairer, nobler, fiercer there—
None drive more closely to the lair
Of skulking savage—none so loud
Encourage fight—and none so proud
Lead on, and deal death blows around,
With honor, sweat, and blood-stains crowned,
Nor slack from fight a moment brief,
As does the brave, the young Guerilla-Chief.

XXIV.

And fiercer still the onset grows ;
And fiercer fight the savage foes,
But all in vain ; the shock too strong,
Like mountain avalanche, along
Sweeps with unbending force, and flight
Or certain death must own its might ;
For all obey their hate and grief
As does the brave, the young Guerilla-Chief.

XXV.

Is giv'n one yell of wild despair —
Each savage springs up from his lair,
And flies ; some o'er the spreading plain,
And some the shallow river gain ;
But fiercer, swifter, surer flies
Enraged pursuers, until dies
The last of that surprising band —
Dies by the young Guerilla-Chief's own hand.

XXVI.

That work of slaughter done, they all,
Around their chieftain gathering, call
To be led where the village lies,
That they the remnant may surprise.
Quick formed in line, the forced march now
Begins, though aching every brow
And weary every limb; yet all
March at the young Guerilla-Chief's loud call.

XXVII.

The jaded steeds, pushed o'er the plain,
The darkling groves soon gain,
The spot where wigwams silent stand
As night itself. Sweep round the band
Till closing them within their line,
As serpents round their prey entwine
And with an awful gulp engorge,
So they, enclosing, swift destruction forge.

XXVIII.

Closer the circle closes round —
The village in its folds is bound —
Now flames leap round each wigwam frail —
They now each flying wretch assail ;
And mothers, children, warriors old
Lie struggling, sweating death-dew cold.
Yet there are two who fear not death
Though in the reach of young Guerilla's breath.

XXIX.

'T is Nora, the young Indian maid,
And "Red Sky of the Morning," staid,
Untrembling, praying in the arms
Each of the other, though alarm ..
And groans, and death are close around,
And though the axe, with crashing sound,
Breaks down the wigwam's puncheon door,
Still kneel they the Guerilla Chief before,

XXX.

Surprised the young Guerilla stands
To see a captive locked in bands
Of love with that young Indian maid,
Nor seem of death at all afraid,
And this so fondly clasp the fair,
The angel captive in her prayer.
His wrath, his vengeance all delayed;
His sword, his steps, his breath, with awe are stayed.

XXXI.

Unconsciously he sheathes his blade,
And gently lifts the praying maid,
And bids her banish all her fears,
A captive now no more. Her tears
The joy of grateful heart express,
And Nora's face portrays no less.
To guard the captive and her maid
His sword, his steps, his breath, with awe are stayed.

XXXII.

He leads them from the burning pile--
Leads to his comrades with a smile
The rescued maiden proud to show
One thus so lovely saved the blow
That they have dealt so fatally
To the marauding race. Yet flee
A few, and warn the tribe to fly,
And shelter seek upon the mountain high.

XXXIII.

Dread is the fear they spread o'er all,
And loud and shrill th' alarm-whoop's call ;
And with quick haste, and cautious flight,
From many a village fled that night
Awed warriors, maidens, mothers wild
With terror for each bark-bound child ;
Now hide -- now to new covert fly —
And shelter seek upon the mountains high.

XXXIV.

They fly ; but will not be pursued ;
They fear ; nor slaughter be renewed ;
They dread the white-man's wakened rage ;
This dread his vengeance shall assuage,
And hold the slaughtering hand, while they.
By fear taught, dare no longer slay
The unoffending — “peace,” shall sigh,
And shelter seek upon the mountains high.

XXXV.

The blow decisive being given,
The tribe of its prime warriors riven,
Revenge shall now be stayed again.
They seek the margin of the plain,
And gathering fuel, watchfires build :
Soon clamors of the camp are stilled
In quiet hush of kind repose
That doubly welcomed guest comes now to those.

XXXVI.

Wrapped in their blankets' ample folds,
The maidens rest secure from colds
Of night-winds, while at distance brief
Watchful sits the Guerilla-Chief,
And half awake, and half asleep,—
Love, beauty, happy pleasures keep
Their vigils, too,— feels not repose
That doubly welcomed guest comes now to those.

XXXVII.

That night is long when we would fain
Behold the light of morn again.
The sick man on his couch takes note
Of every stroke that seems remote
An age from last the old clock gave ;
The lover, to his thoughts a slave,
Feels time a torture, hates repose
That doubly welcomed guest comes now to those.

XXXVIII.

Thus, tossing, lay that chieftain proud,
And wished to see the morning cloud ;
Yet more methinks his sighings are
For “ Red sky of the Morning ” fair,
The resened captive maid, who feels
In Nora’s arms that balm which steals
Our griefs away in gentle doze
That doubly welcomed guest now comes to those.

XXXIX.

At length the balmy morning breaks,
And the Guerilla-Chief awakes
His tender charge with gentle hand,
To save alarm when roused the band
By bugle’s shriller sound. She seems
More beauteous still by morning’s beams;
He in his heart feels hopeful pride
That some day she will be Guerilla-Bride.

XL.

At length the sounding reveille
The soldiers rouse ere yet the ee
Of morn has fairly lit the east :
They quick despatch the frugal feast ;
They then prepare to find their dead,
To place them in the warrior's bed
With warrior's honors. On the mead
They find and give "Red Sky" her own black steed.

XLI.

Her own black steed, her father gave
Ere his own dwelling proved his grave;
Turned loose upon the grassy plain,
A friendless wand'rer, and its main
And all its coat showed awful plight —
Loud wept the maiden at the sight,
And folded with her arms its head,
While he seemed weeping at the tears she shed.

XLII.

A more than brute that courser seemed,
And something almost human beamed
From his bright eye that still was stayed
Upon his mistress, loving maid.
The soldiers soon the tangled hair
Free from the burrs, and rub it fair—
For Nora Indian barb provide ;
And “ Red Sky ” mounting, too, all homeward ride.

XLIII.

Away to where the dreadful fray —
Had made night awful — more the day —
They hastened. There behold the dead,
That foemen foemen’s blood had shed,
All mingled in promisurous heap
Where friend and foe together sleep.
Oh, awful sight ! Sad end of life !
The dread result of war’s unhallowed strife.

XLIV.

War! War! How cruel still thou art!
How fierce and foul thy blackened heart!
Forever drunk on clotted gore,
And, vomiting, sigh yet for more!
Revenge and other passions rave,
With mourning mingled at the grave;
At once with grief and hatred rife,
The dread result of war's unhallowed strife!

XLV.

'T is sweet to calmly lay a friend
Down in the grave, and know his end
Was peaceful, and that we can show
Respect in funeral rites, and go
In silent mourning to our homes,
Where no intrusive feeling comes
But gentle sorrow for the dead!
Remembrance of the virtues round him shed.

XLVI.

But war! Oh, ten times hateful then!
Thou shame and glory both of men!
Bewildered by the raging strife,
Men reck not of their wasting life;
But when friends the last rites bestow
They mourn, but curse the murdering foe.
Thus grief and malice wake to life,
The dread results of war's unhallowed strife.

XLVII.

There may be some excuse for those
Who have not learned to interpose
The Gospel's rule of love before
They steep their enemies in gore;
But for a Christian to essay
Reckless his fellow man to slay
For low ambition, gives to life
The dread results of war's unhallowed strife;

XLVIII.

Has "Hell" imprinted on his brow --
Behold his minions marching now
With "Hell-tongues" glistening in the air,
And "Hell-flames" belching vivid there,
And yet to crush him or drive back
Oppression, would nought christian lack,
Although it gives to death and life
The dread results of war's unhallowed strife.

XLIX.

Some men in ruling nations, or
In social life, will aye have war —
At every look or uttered word
Take umbrage, and their soul is stirred
To battle; or if not of blood,
To war of words. It is not good
To me that thus is waked to life
The dread results of war's unhallowed strife.

L.

Come, peace of mind, serenely blest,
And, social intercourse — the rest
Of friendship aye shall welcomed be ;
And so, our nation's unity.
Let all the world, uniting, feel
No more the keen, the biting steel,
Nor make their annals longer rife
With dread results of war's unhallowed strife.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO IV.

THE LOVERS AND THE HOME.

L

SOON gathered into soldiers' grave
The dead, they soldiers' honors gave
In farewell shot, and muffled note,
And prayers half uttered in the throat,
And comrades' tears, as bending low
O'er the promiscuous heap, they show
That e'en, though fierce they may appear,
The heart may feel, the eye may have a tear.

II.

The heart was made to feel the woes
Of others' wounds; those wounds to close ;
The heart was made for love no less,
To relish beauty's soft impress ;
Though stern it seem for strife prepared,
Though in wealth's tangled meshes snared,
Love wakes at beauty, sighs with fear,
The heart may feel, the eye may have a tear.

III.

The Chieftain of that soldier band,
While giving forth the stern command,
Yet felt that beauty had enchain'd,
And sighed whene'er her sighs complained —
The maiden sighed, and looked aplain,
The Chieftain sighed, and looked again ;
He knows — knows she, in memory dear,
The heart may feel, the eye may have a tear.

IV.

“ Why lookest thou so sad, fair maid ? ”
“ Untomb'd my father lies ; ” she said ;
“ His bones bleach yonder on the plain
Beneath that ashy heap. Could I again
Behold his bones, and with a sod
But cover them, I ’d thank my God,
And leave him to his heavenly cheer,
Though I am left a lonely mourner here.”

V.

“ Asteed ! And let ’s away ! ” Away
The two go riding swift as may
Their horses bear them, all alone
In the wide prairie, where late shone
The hearth-light of a happy home,
Till to the ruins they have come
Where bleaching lay her father’s frame,
To cinders burnt by the calcining flame.

VI.

Sad, sad, indeed, the maiden grew
At that heart-rending sight, and flew
And folded to her breast the bones,
The all left of her father — groans
Of sadness scape her woe-gone breast,
Although she knows his spirit blest ;
Yet glad to soothe her child-like grief,
He folds her to his breast, th' Guerilla-Chief ;

VII.

Turns back her dark and curling hair,
And kisses off the jewels there,
The tear-drops, and, with soft caress,
Begs her to mourn her father less ;
Then with his sword scoops out a grave
Those bleaching bones for mem'ry to save ;
And mingle sympathetic grief
In prayer, the Maid and the Guerilla-Chief.

VIII.

That sad last rite performed — the sod
Bedewed with tears — the soul to God —
They homeward turn, but cast a look,
A lingering look behind, and took
Thus a last sad farewell of th' dead,
And left him in his prairie bed.
Swift to their comrades, o'er the glade,
They ride, Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid.

IX.

The band long waited their return ;
But now they see their chargers spurn
The very sod on which they tread
With lighter bound and well-curbed head,
Ambitious for the trial proof
Of fleetness of each other's hoof.
Quick mid the welcoming band are stayed
The young Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid.

X.

With twirling hats and cheering shout
All gladly compass them about,
Mounted and ready to be away ;
While Nora, decked with plumes that sway
And nod, and beads that light imbibe,
Stripped from the dead ones of her tribe,
Has not her greeting shout delayed,
As came Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid.

XI.

Fond cheer of Chief and soldiers met,
Of maiden's welcome, being let,
The line of march is soon begun,
And short the hours, and it is done —
Short, for the Chief sees many sights
That still the Spanish Maid delights --
While wonder Nora still delayed,
Oft smiled Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid.

XII.

In proud Chihuahua's streets again,
They're welcomed; mourned the slain;
The farewell given, each seeks his home,
Where all are glad to see him come.
A mansion far upon the hight,
Which o'er Chihuahua grants the sight,
Their home, in fond attachment strayed
The young Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid.

XIII.

Guerilla-Chief and Spanish Maid —
While Nora following, displayed
The bliss of untaught confidence.
From his proud mansion oft lead hence,
To revel in kind nature's charms,
To breathe love's rapture in his arms,
And to wipe out each stain of grief,
The Spanish Maiden, the Guerilla-Chief.

XIV.

Below they see Chihuahua's spires ;
Beyond they see the mountain fires
Of herdsmen as they still pursue
Their hardy toil, or yonder view
The lasso drawn, and noble steed
Lie overpowered upon the mead ;
Then melting eyes — and sigh so brief —
The love untold, yet told, by Maid and Chief.

XV.

Thus oft, enwrapped beneath the shade,
The two in love's blest moments strayed ;
Found in each waving leaf that stirred,
Each cloud above, each song of bird,
The marks of love, and, though they shun
The truth, love seals them into one —
That potent charmer of our grief,
Seals into one the Maiden and the Chief.

XVI.

Have I not felt in boyhood's days ;
Have I not sung in untaught lays,
The rapture that was oft inspired,
As she and I together admired
The babbling streamlet as it played
Along beneath the hemlock shade ?
Ah, then my heart felt not its grief,
More than the Maiden and Guerilla-Chief.

XVII.

Yet sad realities will hang,
And touch the heart with ruder twang --
Sometimes enduring ; and again,
Like things that are not, but have been --
Enduring to o'er-saddened me ;
And yet I happy moments see --
But transitory -- dread, yet brief --
As with the Maid and the Guerilla-Chief.

XVIII.

Swift sped the haleyon days
Of love's blest solstice in relays
Of happiness. The forest, field,
And plain, all with their love-notes pealed ;
Hushed e'en the birds' soft notes so low,
To lower twitter, as respect to show
To virtuous love—a space, though brief,
They love, as th' Maid and the Guerilla-Chief.

XIX.

Chihuahua's loftiest church one day
Was thronged with happy, fair, and gay,
In eager expectation ; while
The grave ones even lit a smile
Upon the staid and reverend face,
As if forgetful of the place,
When up the aisle, fair past belief
With blushes, came the Maiden and the Chief.

XX.

Before the altar now they stand,
And yield the priest the willing hand,
Who joins them. Tripping, Nora glides
In after, dressed in plumes, divides
Attention as she, wondering, kneels,
And gazes on their faces.—Peals
Of greeting burst as now, with pride,
The Chief leads from the altar his Guerilla-Bride.

XXI.

The Indian maid a moment kneels
Still by the altar, till those peals
Arouse her from her dumb surprise ;
Then, casting furtive glances, flies
Behind them from the sacred place,
While trip and dance her plumes with grace.
Till, overtaking them, her fears have died!
In fond caress of the Guerilla-Bride.

XXII.

Home to his mansion over-blest
The Chief, with his companion, pressed ;
And long those old and merry halls
Re-echo to the gentle calls
Of nuptial bliss, while anxious tend
The servants on their lovely friend,
And he, their lord, is not denied
The fond caress of his Guerilla-Bride.

XXIII.

When storms of passion, party strife,
Disturbed those round him, still his life
In even tenor ran ; and in his home
He never felt its frothing foam.
Oft there, with Nora at their knees,
They strove to educate and please ;
And glad was he that virtues guide
The fond caress of his Guerilla-Bride.

XXIV.

Thus loved he often to retire
Around the household's sacred fire,
And, with his family alone,
Or, with such friends as chose to come,
Enjoy the social hour in talk ;
Or on the pleasant lawn to walk,
And chat as they the town survey,
Talk of the merits of the good old way.

XXV.

New schemes are formed — inventions new,
To lighten labor and enrich the few ;
To bring the farmer for his toil,
A greater product of the soil ;
To ease the trav'ler's weary frame,
And make him bless the road he came ;
And, doubtless, these inventions may
Be better far than is the good old way.

XXVI.

Men used to plow with sturdy team;
Now prairies turn by might of steam ;
Once swiftly sped the mail, when he
Who rode with shout, and song, and glee,
The spur, with hottest haste applied
Deep in his foaming horse's side :
Not so in this progressive day,
For lightning now has strnck the good old way.

XXVII.

Men used to counsel with a friend,
And strive his actions to defend
Against the mean attacks of men,
(For there were baselings even then,)
Till they were proven to be wrong,
And friendship celebrate in song,
And make each hour a holiday --
O, that thou wert thus still, thou good old way.

XXVIII.

And yet I'll not deny that now
There still is something on the brow
Of many kind ones that requires
Of blessings as my first desires
Upon them for their kindness shown,
And sympathetic glances thrown ;
It seems a smile of heavenly play
So near akin — so like that good old way.

XXIX.

I love, when tired of fashion's calls,
Of primped-up parties and stiff' balls,
To have a staid old friend drop in,
And, resting on his staff' his chin,
Parental and benevolent,
As if by angel's orders sent,
To hold in lengthened chat the day,
And make me glad ; for 't is the good old way.

XXX.

But most I love, when toils are done,
When, with life's cares the day has run,
To shelter me deep in the nook
Of home, with wife, and child, and book,
And with the cheerful words of love
From her I early took to prove,
In privacy retired, or in display,
The love that's shown best in the good old way.

XXXI.

To list the music-prattle sweet,
Or watch the little tottering feet
Of one God gave more close to link
Us into one ; and there to drink
Deep from the founts of love and lore,
And think of cares and grief no more ;
With these, or books and pen, I may,
Or in discourse, find heaven in good old way.

XXXII.

There from my window, I may see
The bustling world, uncared by me,
Go tumbling on ; but if perchance,
A ruder word or frowning glance
From her, my early love, aye fell,
It turns my heaven into hell ;
To darkness turns the sunniest day
Till smiles light up her brow in good old way.

XXXIII.

Though steam and lightning I would tame ;
And honors for inventors claim :
Though I would have the mind advance,
And every interest enhance
By honest means — make all enjoy
Life's sweets, till each replete, the cloy
Bade cease ; in social life, I'd say,
But give me back again the good old way.

XXXIV.

Thus lived they, joying in fond love,
In that Castilian palace 'bove
Chihnahua's bustle; Nora taught
To drink from heaven's fountain draught
That should suffice the soul, while she
Devoutly prayed, or, with young glee,
The cradle tended, while beside
The smiling mother sat, Guerilla-Bride.

XXXV.

Th' appropriate day arrived, they go,
With solemn air and sacred show,
To the pure font, and Nora first
Is consecrated from thehurst,
From wild and heathen life reclaimed
For God; a wayward savage tamed;
Then, christ'ning, gave to God with pride,
The infant of the young Guerilla-Bride.

XXXVI.

I've stood beside the altar oft ;
I've stood beside the flood which soft
In heaven-born murmurs ran — I've seen
The servant of the highest pour its sheen
Upon the consecrated head —
I've seen the convert lamb-like led
Into th' deep waters, and be placed
Low under its deep flood — his sins erased.

XXXVII.

I've seen — and whether sprinkled on,
Or buried in the stream — anon
There ever has arisen in my breast
A feeling that the act was blest —
A solemn sense of sacredness,
That bids e'en sinners to confess,
And shun the lightsome wicked jeer,
And love, for once, the penitential tear.

XXXVIII.

There was a time, a memorable day ;
The Lord himself was drawn away
Where Jordan's waters calmly flow.
Pause ye who no respect would show !
Behold him laid beneath the wave !
The spirit see his father gave !
There's more than form — more, to be prized —
When such a blessing came to Christ, baptized.

XXXIX.

I would not lightly speak the word —
I would not have derision stirred
At this God-given ordinance ;
But while I at the rite shall glance,
Or think upon it as the sign
Of purifying by the One Divine,
I would the rite might well be prized,
And all in heart, as body, be baptized.

XL.

What worth are sprinklings from the bowl ;
What worth to plunge the body whole ;
What worth to bow before the altar low ;
What worth the washing font to show,
If pure repentance and strong love
And faith in Jesus Christ above
Have not first made our sins despised ?
Oh, then it would be hell to be baptized.

XLI.

When love has kindled into flame
The spirit and the spirit's frame ;
When Jesus is our one desire,
And hope forever draws us nigher ;
When worldly wishes all are laid
Aside, and evil passions stayed ;
Then plunged or sprinkled, as most prized,
And O, 't were heaven, then, to be baptized.

XLII.

Time sped — that mansion blest as aye.
Till chance a traveler brought that way —
A traveler worn with toil and care ;
And sad his brow, though high and fair ;
And all his looks of wisdom drank —
His dress a soldier's of high rank —
His mutilated limb, and yet his pride
Quick won the Chief and his Guerilla-Bride.

XLIII.

The groaning table soon was spread,
The stranger guest placed at its head,
With feast, and with discourse of arms,
Of battles, sufferings, and alarms,
The hours passed --- how each had led
The van in many a foray dread ;
And soon Guerilla knew the claim
His guest possessed to be a man of fame.

XLIV.

He loved him, as do all, when fame
Has lighted on the brow a flame,
When wealth and deeds, when whispered word
Of praise, and fear of frown has spurred
Us baselings all to cringe with fear,
And all contribute to his cheer.
Faith, wisdom, virtue, patience claim
None of those things as does the man of fame.

XLV.

The wretch, confined by bars and chains,
Is estimated by his gains
In villainy.--Did he defraud
The State of many treasures, load
Himself with wealth beyond compare,
And make his friends the booty share?
Detected, punished, has a claim
Even yet, 't would seem, for he's a man of fame.

XLVI.

But if he scape the rigorous law,
As often is the case, where flaw
Is to be found by which to scape
From leaky Justice, when the shape
Is moneywise, the brood is paid,
And right is but a leap-staff made
To cross the yawning gulf again,
And help to ill-got wealth the man of fame.

XLVII.

The man who's climbed the steep
Of literary fame, can sleep,
And dream huzzas from high and low :
While he who labors from below,
May much the better work produce --
All for its faults may make excuse,
But none commend, nor trump his name,
Because he has not been a man of fame.

XLVIII.

But once the steep we, toiling climb.
We are compelled to sit sublime,
And yield to reverence — who command
In battle, at the altar stand,
Or wield the pen, whate'er the cause.
Or make the nation wholesome laws.
Must rule ; for we are all the same
By nature, and revere the man of fame.

XLIX.

"Thou art renowned," Gnerilla cried —
"I am!" the one-limbed chief replied --
"Then quaff this wine, and here relate
Thy last adventures small and great :
Give us thy victories to know,
And tell us thy distressful woe,
And show thy title and thy name,
For sure, I see thou art a man of fame."

L.

“ I’ve suffered deepest, blackest wrong
From northern, hireling, pirate throng ;
And Mexico’s for aye disgraced
Else these base wrongs must be effaced
In blood. Can I forget Jacinto’s field,
Where we were lately forced to yield ;
And I, a prisoner, wait with shame
To die as unbecomes a man of fame ?

LI.

“ Curse Houston, his marauding band
Who ‘ve seized the fairest of our land,
And all their minions. Houston, he
Who fought, a devil ; though to me
Aye sternly kind, his minions yet
Had fled, like turkeys from the wet
Cold hail, had he not led the game,
And wrung a treaty from the man of fame ?

LII.

"Swear thou that thou 'lt avenge my wrongs;
Swear Houston dies; the rest in thongs
Shall lie like lassoed cows, and bawl,
Like captured calves tied in a stall.
Lift now thy sword to heaven, and swear
As now my titles I declare --
Lopez de Santa Anna th' name --
What ! Think'st thou I am a man of fame ? "

LIII.

The young Guerilla-Chief felt then
The fire of wrath in every vein,
And saw his nation's sentcheon marred.
His ruling chieftain's honor scarred ;
He grasps his sword, points to the skies,
And swears: " By this old Houston dies :
I 'll honor thee, wipe out our shaine,
And win myself the title, Man of Fame."

LIV.

Ah, sad, sad shall thy heart become.
And grieve thy bride's heart-chords shall thrum
Ere thou thy rash-made oath fulfil
By bravery, treachery or skill.
What will we not oft undertake
For friendship or for honor's sake?
And yet 'tis well that we should claim
The honors of the title, Man of Fame.

LV.

But most would I commend the one
Whose heart on patriot chords is strung,
Be he of our own fairer land,
Or does he rival to her stand ;
The love of country should be crowned
With praise wherever it is found --
The honest mead is his — a name —
Who 'd for his country perish -- Man of Fame.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO V.

THE BIRTH OF WESTERN STATES.

I.

THROUGH dangers great, through bloody strife
That cost full many a ranger's life,
The Chief of San Jacinto's field
Had late compelled the foe to yield ;
Now stood to view again the scene
That fair, as though it ne'er had been
By aught but smiling milk-maids trod
Was yet old San Jacinto's bloody sod.

II.

There had the bugle's shriller sound
A fearless little band called round
The tall old Hero, whose command
Gave strength to every fearless hand,
And nerved the heart, unfearing death,
To freedom breathe, or waste the breath,
And nerved the arm the sword to wield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

III.

On had advanced the sullen foe,
Intent to strike the final blow,
Outnumbering thrice the little band
They thought already in their hand,
To sink the 'Lone-Star' down to earth,
And check a nation's laboring birth ;
And make its freedom-mother yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

IV.

But was it so? Thus easy fell
The little band? Ah, no; too well
They knew who led them on, and gave
Command to strike the foe, or save
A comrade's life in hottest fray;
Too fearless were their hearts to lay
Their armor down and tamely yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

V.

Stern Houston spoke: "Ye comrades brave,
Ye shall your country lose or save
To-day for you and those to come;
Though, dying, shall not see it some.
Say, will ye fly? Shall all be lost?
No: you'll not fly for thrice yon host.
Then nobly on and never yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

VI.

"Your country's looking on to-day
To see the issue of this fray :
Her honor hangs upon its end,
If you shall yield, or her defend —
'T is Liberty, or Slavery's chains ;
'T is Liberty, or Dying Pains.
'Alamo' mind, and glory gain
And vengeance on old San Jacinto's plain."

VII.

The foe came on, and they were met,
And the green turf with blood was wet
As if a torrent had poured down
And made the rising river drown
The o'er-swept field. The little band
Fought for 'Alamo,' hand to hand
With the strong foe, but did not yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

VIII.

The conquered foe, in chains, proclaimed
The 'Lonely Star,' by Freedom claimed,
Free; free as its unconquered steeds —
That day made free by noble deeds,
That well her sons may proudly boast,
And be a pattern for each host,
By toil, and sweat, and crimson stain
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody plain.

IX.

That day shall long be borne in mind ;
That band a place shall ever find
In every freeman's inmost heart ;
And, Houston, Liberty, a part —
A part that noble martyr band
Which seconded so well his hand —
Of both the praises shall be pealed —
Hail ye — hail Hero of Jacinto's field.

X.

E'en so our fathers nobly bled ;
On Bunker left their martyr dead,
And oft endured the wintry blast
To fight for boon now waning fast
In strife for office ; and the prize
Of Freedom, turned to merchandise.
O, days of old, return, return,
And now, as erst, let Freedom's star-light burn.

XI.

Let party strife be cast aside,
And its pure light flow in one tide
Resistless and serene. E'en so
Was once its bright and golden glow.
And yet, though party strifes abound,
War-cries of politics resound,
It still will here and there return ;
And now, as erst, will Freedom's star-light burn.

XII.

Not only in our land it shone ;
To other lands the spark has blown
And lit the fuel, and the flame
Is bursting upward to proclaim
The early dawn of freedom's morn --
A star to show an infant born,
That soon will youth's full strength apply,
And proudly wave the flag of Liberty.

XIII.

In every gale we hear the cry
Of the oppressed, or Want's sad sigh,
While those who rule them thirst for blood,
And rage, as tigers, wanting food --
Give to them blood from their own veins,
And food, as beasts are fed, in chains !
Swing the avenging sword on high
And proudly wave the flag of Liberty !

XIV.

Shall tyrant always reign secure
To blast the virtue of the pure ?
To wreak his vengeance, and to seethe
In blood who dares free thought to breathe ?
To slay the noble and the brave ;
And make a chained and wretched slave
Of him whose soul would soon be free
Were proudly waved the flag of Liberty ?

XV.

O, sacred spots where freemen fell,
Wake thou a Warren ; wake a Tell ;
Rouse other Marions, Houstons ! Wake
Bozarries now, his sword to take,
And lead the van to glorious strife,
T' avenge the blood of wasted life —
Let breath of every widow's sigh
Unfurl the trampled flag of Liberty !

XVI.

Shall Poland's blood be spilt in vain?
Shall Germany feel a useless pain?
Shall Hungary's sufferings be forgot?
Shall Turkey's blood but flow and rot?
No, not in vain, nor useless throes,
Nor shall oblivion o'er that close;
But this baptize their noble free
To proudly wave the flag of Liberty!

XVII.

Let youths unite in joyous song;
Let youths each freedom-note prolong:
Matrons, weave banners for the bold,
With "Liberty" on every fold!
Ye, who taste freedom in our land,
Move on, and join the toiling band;
Extend your aid, and ready be
To proudly wave the flag of Liberty!

XVIII.

Let those, who feel oppression's arm,
Arise, nor fear despotic harm,
Nor ignominy; gain renown,
Till tyrant's thrones are tumbled down;
Till Freedom chants her evening song,
While all her sons the notes prolong,
And Europe as our country free,
Shall proudly wave the flag of Liberty.

XIX.

Throughout the world may Freedom's claim
Possess a being and a name—
A being that shall live and breathe—
A name with ours we'll gladly wreath—
Be felt in every living heart,
And of itself a living part—
A being that shall never die,
But proudly wave the flag of Liberty.

XX.

Thus Texas had the foe o'ercome ;
Now beat the anniversary drum ;
There stood the Chief amid the throng.
The object of affection strong :
He erst had quelled the tyrant there,
Ambition hunted to its lair,
And brought it struggling forth to die
Beneath the awful flashings of his eye.

XXI.

His form erect, and proud his mien ;
His visage stern, and yet serene,
Rememb'ring of the dreadful fray --
To that the contrast of to-day --
That made all sad, yet sadly proud --
This from the brow dispersed each cloud --
Both call to mind the foe that fly
Before the awful flashings of his eye.

XXII.

The nation, proud of its late birth,
Accounted sacred every spot of earth
On which that nation-babe was born,
And sacred, too, its natal morn --
Not for the lengthened struggle there,
But for its leap to being fair --
Well worth to celebrate the hour
That broke the haughty ruling tyrant's power.

XXIII.

Thus in the West not only strain
To life the forest and the plain,
But cities, where no city late
Was known or thought of; e'en a State.
That was not yester, is to-day,
To grow, to flourish, and to sway --
A prosperous race with freedom's dower,
Where lately ruled the crushing tyrant's power.

XXIV.

The prairie blooms with flowers wild,
And echoes to the dark squaw's child,
As o'er its level face he roams,
Lost from his tribe—lost from their homes,
The wigwamed hamlet on its side,
Where runs the river's laving tide,
And answered only by the wild
Fierce tiger-cat is this, the dark squaw's child.

•

XXV.

Another summer blooms; not all
Those wild field-flow'r's does it recall --
A house has sprung up there and fields —
The soil a bounteous harvest yields —
Full fruit for all the farmer's care.
As striplings carol joyous there
They stop and cry with horror wild — [child.
They 've found the bleached bones of the dark squaw's

XXVI.

Another year has sped its round —
A village covers all the ground ;
And busy hands are ever seen
With glist'ning tools in th' sun's bright sheen,
Preparing homes for many more —
And steamers lie along the shore :
A city soon has buildings piled
Above the bleached bones of the dark squaw's child.

XXVII.

A State the while — a Nation now —
The voice, the vote of thousands — How
The mighty West has changed ! Tho' new.
It like a phantom seems, yet true
To progress spreads, and leaps ahead
With swift but most successful tread —
The statesman speaks — laws are compiled
Upon the spot where screamed the dark squaw's child.

XXVIII.

Thus — thus — to being springs and grows —
To being springs with shortest throes —
The mighty West leaps forth, expands,
Outgrows its youth ; tho' young, commands.
Like stripling with his arms thrust through
His sleeves, his ankles plain in view
Below his outgrown garments ; so
The mighty West makes bold but awkward show.

XXIX.

The one for battle grasps the sword,
And gives the loud commanding word.
Nor fears to meet a dozen foes
Unseconded. The West thus shows
The fearless front in battle field ;
Nor yet to taunt her statesmen yield ;
They battle for the right, although
The mighty West makes bold but awkward show.

XXX.

The West! The West! I love the land
From Northern Lakes to Rio Grand!
Ohio's border on the hither side,
E'en to the bold Pacific's tide!
Thy forests, plains, and peaks that tower—
All—all—are Freedom's holy dower—
How swift and rank do all things grow
In th' mighty West with bold but awkward show.

XXXI.

How small a space had Freedom late!
How circumscribed our happy state—
The loved Republic we've oft blest—
To what it will be with the West—
The giant West of fertile soil,
Of plains, of rivers, sons for toil
Who into warriors, statesmen, grow
In th' mighty West with bold but awkward show.

XXXII.

Her Judges from th' mechanie's bench
With honest hearts that will not wrench
The law from those in lower state —
Our Nation's Halls, filled with the great
Grown out of farmer's sons --- the sons
Of those who toil for scanty funds
For maintenance; and yet they grow,
Till filled the West with bold but awkward show.

XXXIII.

The Statesmen, Heroes, Judges, all
Our country's foremost, from the stall
As barn-boys --- from the workshop's soot —
Or from the farmer's cabin shoot
To Presidential honors --- fame
Here hangs not on ancestral name,
But workings 'neath the dark brow's glow
That fill the West with bold but awkward show.

XXXIV.

Look o'er the world, and scan all time,
Explore the records of each clime,
And vainly you will search to find
Such leaping forth of human mind,
Such enterprise, such sudden start
Of cities, states, and works of art
As are now, and shall ever grow
Till filled the West with bold but awkward show.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO VI.

THE ASSASSIN'S ATTEMPT.

I.

THUS Texas had her power displayed,
And gave the foemen short saccade ;
And now the anniversary feat
They celebrate on chargers fleet.
Brave Houston, too, rides proudly there,
And breathes with joy of Freedom's air,
That he had helped to purify
When rang to Heaven Jacinto's battle-cry.

II.

A youth approaches, wreathed in smiles :
“Here’s health rewarding all your toils !
Your honors here ! Here’s ruby wine,
Pressed by my hand from Texan vine !”
He gives to Houston, yet his eye
Glares brightly, and bespeaks the lie,
Though feigning honors still to sigh
Where rang to Heaven Jacinto’s battle-cry.

III.

His eye --- ‘t is dark and full of fire,
That shows revenge and hatred dire
Disguised in softer smiles serene ;
Yet beauty on his brow is seen ;
And grace, and marks of nobleness,
Such as might their possessor bless,
Shine in his steps ; and by his side
Is his --- the beauteous, young Guerrilla-Bride.

IV.

Heaston receives the sparkling draught —
The fiend within Guerilla laughed,
And lights his eyes — raised to his lip,
He means its nectared sweets to sip ;
Just now that eye-light lights his mind,
And shows the treachery designed :
As quick as sullen lightning's play,
He dashes now the poisoned cup away.

V.

Thus aye are poisons in the bowl,
That sting the brain, and kill the soul —
Sting — aye, they gnaw the very heart,
Give more, than thousand hells could, smart.
They lurk around the tempting brim,
And in the sparkling liquid swim :
Then linger not when thus they play,
But dash — O, dash the poisoned cup away.

VI.

The cup — dread tyrant of our land,
Enfeebles many a noble hand ;
And oft the bravest of the brave
It levels to the veriest slave,
And makes them wear the galling chains
That chafe their limbs, give woe and pains :
Then rise, ye freemen, rise to-day,
And dash — O, dash the poisoned cup away.

VII.

'T is strange that those renowned in lore,
The noble, should the liquid pour
Down burning throats. Ye, who'd be free
From pain and grief, and kindred see
With smiling brows come gathering round,
And hear with joy love's ringing sound,
With bolder heart your will display,
And dash — O, dash the poisoned cup away.

VIII.

Let each who'd share of honor's meed,
And be from gross debauchery freed,
And in his country's honors lave,
Who would be numbered with the brave,
Who would be by his country blest
The noblest of her sons, the best,
Rise manfully without delay,
And dash — O, dash the poisoned cup away.

IX.

The church has heard Intemperance' groan,
And it has even to the pulpit gone —
Then each, who would the Christian heart
Possess, who would from wrong depart
And be more perfect with his Lord,
Decry this sin in deed and word,
And when temptations round you lay,
Then dash — O, dash the poisoned cup away.

X.

The young Guerilla had conveyed
A poison foul to kill whom blade
Or leaden death could not destroy —
The tyrant's messenger a boy —
A boy, sworn to the desperate deed,
Or, if brave Houston lived, to bleed —
Sworn in Chihuahua's halls of pride --
Sworn in the presence of Guerilla-Bride.

XI.

He'd met adventures wild and strange
As o'er the Texan plains he'd ranged,
A reckless robber in the land,
In wait to bathe his thirsty hand
In honored patriotic blood —
The blood of Houston, brave and good —
For country's wrongs he justified
The deed — and so his young Guerilla-Bride.

XII.

As flashes o'er the sky the rapid bolt,
So disappointed rage revolt
Shows on his darker brow, and scorn ;
Across the sward he strides forlorn,
Like an uneasy tiger caged,
And high his desperation raged --
As storm-clouds for a moment brief,
So strides enraged the young Guerilla-Chief.

XIII.

As the storm-cloud sends its red bolt --
As factions suddenly revolt --
As th' tiger turns upon its prey,
So turns he to th' unequal fray ;
A pistol from his bosom drawn --
An instant, and the ball had gone,
To make the mighty hero yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

XIV.

The heart of Houston is its aim —
Revenge has lighted up the flame --
His heart is covered by the bore —
His fingers press the trigger more
As thus he foully means to slay
The honored hero of the day —
A shriek — a shriek — that shrill has pealed
To every heart on San Jacinto's field.

XV.

With hands upraised and horror o'er
Her brow, a female springs before
The mighty man — a beauteous shield.
That in his danger will not yield —
Th' assassin drops his angry brow.
And to the moss-hung covert now
He hastes his flight in moments brief —
The disappointed young Guerilla-Chief.

XVI.

The beauteous creature, fawn-like fair,
A moment lingers, gazing, there --
Enough that lofty bosom to protect,
And show the beauty Nature decked
Her with ; folds on her breast her arms,
And flies -- her flight adds to her charms ---
She seems to them a hastening god
Sent then to bless old San Jacinto's sod.

XVII.

To Houston thus her angel form
Seems most angelic, and his warm
Impulses long to bless her aid ---
Not long enough has she delayed ---
And on the ears of those around
His voice is lost ; for not a sound
Has passed the growing distance wide
Betwixt him and the young Guerilla-Bride.

XVIII.

He knows not who she is ; but he
Has seen her beauty, seen her flee ;
And much he longs to meet again
Her, who his guardian friend has been ---
To meet, and bless her fearless form
That sheltered him in sudden storm ---
Again they 'll meet when griefs betide
The fair, the sad, the young Guerilla-Bride.

XIX.

So I Rosetta saw --- her beauty rare
Took hold of me --- the high, the fair
The marble brow --- the gentle eye
That seems in liquid lake to lie,
And even partly melted in
Love's soft dissolving flood --- her thin
Transparent cheek so snowy white,
Save where 'tis penetrated by the light ---

XX.

The light that shows the purple flood
In gentlest flush that ever stood
Upon the cheek of mortal! I
Just met her --- saw that melting eye,
Those floating curls, that lighter form
So graceful, and the smile so warm ---
And she was gone --- but yet I felt
My bosom sigh --- my heart within me melt.

XXI.

Gone, like a bird of gushing song,
That pipes its notes the clouds along,
Whose plumage we, admiring, see
One moment, and its pinions free ---
And then, though gazing, wishing still,
Pales to a speck --- to lowest trill
Its song --- the one no more is seen ---
The other dies in accents most serene.

XXII.

So came Rosetta --- heard her tones ---
Saw beauty --- th' beauty's gone ---
Saw her, and thought her angel there ---
Saw her, and felt a longing care
Steal through my sad and lonely heart
That would not, like that one, depart ---
O, is there not in beauty's spell
Some strange, wild power the heart to swell !

XXIII.

To swell the heart, and torment give —
To make us wish to die, yet live —
To die — and be from torment riven —
To live — and have one moment given --
One dreaming moment, rife with bliss
Drawn from those lips in gentle kiss —
Or drawn, at least, in pleasure felt
From those soft eyes whose looks the soul can melt.

XXIV.

The more we read a poem through,
The more we there see beauties new ;
So, as we often trace the fair
Soft features of the ones that share
Our tender sympathies, the more
The heart must bow, love, and adore --
That poem must bear genius' mark ---
So this must shine with more than beauty's spark.

XXV.

More than mere beauty to retain
The power that first impressions gain ---
Rosetta came again --- we met ---
Met daily --- she a beauty yet ---
The admiration of the throng ---
And moonstruck each who came along ---
And yet I 'll leave the world in doubt
Whether or not I bow in love devout.

XXVI.

Takes something more than even pure
Unsullied virtue, and a sure
Intelligence --- abiding faith
In one, and one alone --- not breath
Of vain coquetry --- while the one
Can love, or be loved, nor yet shun
The shame of violated troth ---
When each is thus --- and thus --- let love rule both !

XXVII.

What shows the high intelligence ?
Must boast of learning, or must sense
Displayed in high discourse of things
Learned, or soar on fancy's wings ?
What true devotion ? Of't the act
Shows strength of mind, devotion's tact ---
While weak ones tremble, strong ones do ;
And thus their worthiness of love show, too.

XXVIII.

Within the thick concealing wood
Her chief --- awaiting for her, stood ---
His brow was dark --- his eye was fierce,
And to her soul's deep centre pierced,
As searching to find what impelled,
Or him by treason she withheld.
“ Why did you thwart me thus ! ” he cried,
“ Tis well I love my own Guerilla-Bride ! ”

XXIX.

“ Else had I pierced your heart withal
And his with th' same undevious ball.”
“ When thou shalt meet him arm to arm,
I'll gladly see you do him harm,
To conquer or to fall ; but not
By poison or th' assassin's shot.”
Thus nobly to her Chief replied
In love, his beauteous young Guerilla-Bride.

XXX.

“ Thy country would not honored be
By rashness or by treachery :
Then fearless meet him on the plain,
And dare his sword to strife, and drain
The utmost drop in heart-core bound
Of th’ Hero of Jacinto’s ground ---
If conquering or if conquered, pride
Shall fill the heart of your Guerilla-Bride.”

XXXI.

“ Your counsel good I’ll follow well,
And soon shall ring the conqueror’s knell ---
Shall ring, proud as he is, o’ercome ---
His boasting voice of triumph dumb —
Our Santa Anna shall be free
From dreaded foe, and I shall be
Rewarded for my suffering brief
By being favored his Guerilla-Chief.”

XXXII.

Then hastening through the mossy boughs,
With smile serener on their brows,
They seek their horses on the plain,
And quickly hie away again ---
Upon their favorite steeds they go ---
One black, the other white as snow ---
With an equestrian grace they ride,
The young Guerilla and Guerilla-Bride.

XXXIII.

Arouse ! Arouse ! Ye guardian band !
Stretch forth the strong avenging hand !
Who, of all Texas' rangers, would
Not have the single foe withstood
And single-handed, too, to break
The hopes of him who lurks to take
The life of him you prize the most ---
The noblest one of San Jacinto's host !

XXXIV.

Who reaches first yon tangled grove
Shall his own prowess singly prove ---
A foreign emissary wages war
Against you in your borders far.
Each ranger, mount your flying steed,
And grasp your rifle, e'en to bleed
Or conquer --- On ! Shut not your eye
Till on the plain the foe shall quivering lie.

XXXV.

A score of rangers mount in haste,
And to'rd the forest ride apace ---
The band is small, but each a brave ---
Each jealous Liberty to save ---
But fearless far before them all
Rides San Jacinto's Hero tall ;
Nor will he cease the spur to ply
Till on the plain the foe shall quivering lie.

XXXVI.

He, spurring thus, outrode the band,
And met Guerilla hand to hand.
“Meet me on yonder plain!” this cried.
“I will!” Jacinto proud replied.
Both gazed a moment, and then drank
The spur from either horse’s flank,
And to’rd the plain they quickly fly,
Where soon the conquered foe shall quivering lie.

XXXVII.

The moss hangs thickly from on high,
Concealing from approaching eye,
Like thickly veiled and draped bride,
The bloom of Texan forest pride,
Which waved with every breath that blew,
And changed with every breath its hue;
Now dull, monotonous and brown;
Now vivid green, now golden tints come down.

XXXVIII.

Tints softened by the dark relief,
Like the fair smiles so sweet and brief;
That mid the marble and the rose,
On love's soft features find repose.
The mocking-bird her varied note
There pours from her ecstatic throat
The mimic sounds — now soft — now shrill —
Now deep — and ever imitating still.

XXXIX.

Thus oft in different company found,
Man counterfeits the popular sound,
Dissimulating, takes the side
That pampers vanity and pride —
He's one thing then ; but when at home
Another — he's forgetful grown :
Thus, like the mocking-bird, his will,
Now right, now wrong, is imitating still.

XL.

With sight that foemen's movement eyed,
They through the mossy forest hied,
Unmindful of its beauteous charms
Or aught but of their glistering arms ;
Now parting here the drapery
That Nature formed her garb to be ;
Now, clipping with their swords the mass
Downhung, they open for themselves a pass.

XLI.

Thus on they press till they have found
The open space, the chosen ground.
Fixed in their stirrups firm, they wheeled
In circles far around the field —
Now smaller grows the circling space —
They now encounter face to face —
Now flash their eyes with dreadfnl rage ;
And blood alone their passions can assuage.

XLII.

Like lightning, in the sun far blaze
Their sabres, as on high they raise
Them, twirling swiftly, to bestow,
Or guard against descending blow—
A moment thus in air they 've hung—
Now on each other loud they 've rung—
They clash the back and hack the edge;
And blood alone their passions can assuage.

XLIII.

“REVENGE!” the young Guerilla cried:
“LIBERTY!” the old Chief replied:
These only from their bosoms break—
These are the mottoes and the stake—
Most nobly both receive the blade;
And nobly both have heavy laid
In doubling blows aback again,
While blood flows freely to Jacinto's plain.

XLIV.

High runs the fierce determined strife --
The one for Liberty and life,
The other for a tyrant's guilt,
Revenge. As tourneyment and tilt,
Was nobly fought in father-land,
So fight these foemen hand to hand
In doubling strokes aback again,
While blood flows freely to Jacinto's plain.

XLV.

On Houston's breast a gaping wound
Is spiring forth the red blood round ;
A fiercer fire now lights his eye :
With mighty sweep, he swings on high
His twirling sword in whistling air,
And down it comes resistless there --
In fragments th' other's flies amain,
While blood flows freely to Jacinto's plain.

XLVI.

Th' Guerilla trembles in his seat ;
Then falls beneath his horse's feet --
Unridered now -- and now unreined --
His white hair now with red blood stained --
He wildly flies a shortest way --
Stops -- looks where the Guerilla lay,
Whose blood from wounds severe is poured,
From wounds inflicted by Jacinto's sword.

XLVII.

Jacinto, too, as thus he stood
Above his foe, was purple flood
Fast losing -- felt a darkness veil
His fainting eyes, his strength fast fail ---
To save from falling he had need
To cling to th' mane of his own steed --
He, leaning on him, moved away,
And left the young Guerilla where he lay.

THE GUERRILLA-BRIDE.

CANTO VII.

THE CAPTIVE AND THE RELEASE

I.

THUS ends that single-handed strife —
The vanquished surging forth his life —
Just then, upon her coal-black barb,
From mid the forest's mossy garb,
A female dashed out on the plain,
And quickly drew the slackened rein
By th' fallen, bleeding victim's side —
It was the fair, the young Guerilla-Bride.

II.

Her scarf she speedily unbound,
And with it staunched the surging wound,
Impressing kisses on his brow
That, fainting, was like marble now ;
While near, their steeds together neighed,
Each other gnawed, and friendly played,
The one so black no white hairs show,
The other white as winter's driven snow.

III.

She raised him gently from the mead,
And placed him on his waiting steed ;
Then led away within the wood
To th' brink of old Jacinto's flood ;
And there, upon the mossy carpet laid
Her fainting husband in the shade,
Who, rousing, sighed of home away,
And of that dear one left full many a day.

IV.

Below that shore five fathoms deep
The waters of the river sweep.
Her husband rested on her breast,
As she his wounds with kindness drest,
And smoothed his jetty locks away,
And sadly viewed the water's play ;
And thought of th' babe that they had left,
That soon would of a father be bereft.

V.

Her horse caparisoned beside
Her stood, her only hope and pride :
On him she oft had fled before,
And hoped to ride from danger more,
When dangers should hang thick around,
And death-proclaiming bugles sound —
T' ride home to Nora and her child,
Yet mourn a widow of her Chieftain spoiled.

VI.

His arching neck and coal-black hair,
Arched still more proud, made him more fair ;
And the bright fire within his eye,
Unlying, spoke fidelity :
His beauteous limbs' unresting play
Proclaimed that he would be away —
The tread of foes is near them now --
Her chief to death-delt blows must quickly bow —

VII.

His strength too small — his wounds too sore
For them to fly, or fight them more --
He 'd bravely fought — had bravely fell --
His end was nigh --- he knew it well :
A smile of scorn was in his eye ---
Too proud --- too brave to fear to die :
But for his wife, his lovely wife,
He felt a care, a care to save her life.

VIII.

“They come ! Away ! Away ! ” he cried !
“Away ! Away, Guerilla-Bride ! ”
With single leap the stirrup gained,
The whip applied, his shoulder pained ;
With few long bounds and light
He leaped adown the giddy hight —
Sunk now — now rose — and o'er the tide
He lightly bore the young Guerilla-Bride.

IX.

His bride to distance safely fled,
He little recked of his own head :
The Texan rangers swiftly came,
The guardians of Freedom's flame.
With rifles grasped in sturdy hand —
Low bent upon their steeds, the band
Swept on, and in a moment brief
Drew round the wounded young Guerilla-Chief.

X.

As oft the huntsman's baying pack,
When following on the game's fresh track,
With nostrils strained to th' steamy ground,
Bound silent on, and sweep around
The beast embayed, that sees no hope
To scape the lolling mouths that ope
Upon him. Even so rushed they
Where, wounded, the Guerilla-Chieftain lay.

XI.

Meantime the young Guerilla-Bride
They saw away in fearless pride,
Whose faithful mustang quickly bore
Her, dripping, to the further shore,
And, leaping up the rocky breach,
Bore her beyond the rifle's reach :
She stood upon the hillock's side
A sad and lonely young Guerilla-Bride.

XII.

She stood there on the hillock's brow,
And gazing far upon him low
Must yield her husband to his fate ;
But feared to see the dreadful hate
Displayed by these, his country's foes,
In oft-repeated, deadly blows —
Her bosom heaved --- was still --- then sighed ---
And trembled then the young Guerilla-Bride.

XIII.

The color fled her beanteous face,
And tears came trickling down apace --
A suffocation seized her breast,
As thus she stood alone, distressed ;
And she had fall'n but for the rock
On which she leaned, such was the shock
Of death-drawn dangers that betide
The Chieftain of the young Guerilla-Bride.

XIV.

He 'd raised his arm in evil hour,
Against the law of right and power,
To strike at Justice and at Law ---
He feels they 'll soon his life-blood draw ;
And well he may, for this mad aim.
At one so high in love and fame ---
Like wounded tiger crouched at bay,
There, bleeding, helpless, the Gnerilla lay.

XV.

So here before, expecting death,
E'en Santa Anna held his breath ;
Strove long to scape, but strove in vain ;
And strove to hide in wood and plain :
But when the Texan freeman band
Had seized, they held with gentle hand
The tyrant they had forced to yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

XVI.

Thus once again this band surround
The tyrant's minion --- soon was bound
The young Guerilla --- gave his sword ---
'T were useless now to strive --- if bored
By many a ball, it must be so ---
Instead, none gave the fall'n a blow;
But kindness that was shown by each
Should Mexico a passing lesson teach.

XVII.

Yet much I doubt if e'er she's taught,
Till with her once again we've fought;
Till yet another Monterey
Or Vera Cruz shall sweep away
Th' last vestige of her tyrant power
That faithless changes with each hour ---
The remnant of her wide domain,
And from the scroll of nations blot her name.

XVIII.

They gently to his saddle bore
The young Guerilla-Chief, and o'er
The way moved slow to save from pain ;
Oft stopped, as oft he might complain,
To right him in his sliding seat,
Or cool his wounds of fevered heat ;
Nor wish denied to give relief
To this their captive young Guerilla-Chief.

XIX.

Not less their care for captive led,
Than wounded Houston at their head ---
All this was marked with anxious eye
By her who gazed with tear and sigh
From distant crag whose rugged face
Concealed her in her chosen place :
Nor shall be gratitude denied
To thee, thou fair, thou young Guerilla-Bride.

XX.

Not long ere the Guerilla lay
Enchained to suffer for the fray.
His eye was dark --- his mien was proud ---
His beating pulse was even --- loud
His breath came from his passive breast
That knew no coward's shapeless pest ---
Beside him stood the mighty man
Who fought him late --- erst led Jacinto's van.

XXI.

He spoke: "Th' assassin and the spy
By law of nations can but die ;
It must be so : I 'm forced to write
Thy dooming warrant yet to-night —
To-morrow, Chieftain, thou must be
Launched into dark eternity.
Thou, in the centre of our land,
Hast dyed in blood thy emissary hand."

XXII.

He paused --- " And thou must die ! " he said ---
And the Guerilla bowed his head ---
Although his dreadful doom was sealed,
He would no child's emotions yield ---
He had resolved to die unknown,
And meet his fate without a groan ---
He cared no longer now for fame :
Hoped but to hide from history his name.

XXIII.

The world might know some one had died ---
The action stand — the name denied —
The youth who should peruse the page
Might see a man in early age
Had sought to take the much-prized life
Of him the first in peace or strife ;
But there 't would die like wispy flame
If he but hid from history his name.

XXIV.

So he, who under fictitious name,
Writes poems, nor cares for the shame
Of censure on his weaker muse,
So he is never known. Such use
Without remorse each poet's horn,
And laugh the critic into scorn ;
Feel still delighted with the lay,
Though stolen half from Shakspeare, Pope, or Gray.

XXV.

Yet he, whose name appended stands
With these the scrawlings of his hands,
Will strive to free his song from all
Defects in style or matter — call
With airy charms the public mind —
With airy thoughts pure and refined ;
Nor each third stanza of his lay
Be stolen from old Shakspeare, Pope, or Gray.

XXVI.

He, too, who's heard the blast of fame
Blow from the trumpet his own name,
May well dread ignominious death ;
But he who breathes a borrowed breath —
Who does the acts of other men,
Because he bears their name, may then
Feel not this humbling of his pride,
Because his mother ne'er shall know he died.

XXVII.

Guerilla's name shall not be hid —
Not less than is the act he did :
The fair, the sad Guerilla-Bride
Sat far above the swelling tide
Within the hillock's creviced side :
Awhile she groaned — awhile she cried —
And yet from woe found no relief —
Deep woe for her enslaved Guerilla-Chief.

XXVIII.

When conscience smites or griefs arise,
Thought gives not ease, nor dries our eyes —
To her reflection added pain —
Oh, should she ever see again
The bright, the much loved youthful brow
That, maybe, quivered, even now,
In death before the foemen steeled
To him on San Jacinto's bloody field ?

XXIX.

If she should see him ne'er again,
If he should die upon that plain,
Life were a burthen to her then,
And hateful face of living men ;
Her brow was sad — her eye grew wild —
Awhile she wept — awhile she smiled —
It was a smile too bright and brief
To beam with hope for the Guerilla-Chief.

XXX.

A wild, half maniacal cry --
While wild determinations fly --
“ I 'll plunge me headlong in yon stream,
No more of love and hope to dream,
Nor have them blasted ; nor the flow
Of disappointment and of woe
To feel ! ” — Shall such a fate betide
The young, the sorrowing fair Guerilla-Bride ?

XXXI.

She started from her hiding place
With fawn-like bound and fairy grace ;
Leaped to her saddle, and away
To where Jacinto's waters play ;
Springs from her seat, by frenzy driven --
Casts one imploring look to heaven --
A moment -- and the surging tide
Might have gulped down the young Guerilla-Bride.

XXXII.

Quick, as the impulse first was given,
She seemed from purpose dreadful driven —
As if a sudden thought had laid
Its hand upon her mind, she stayed
Her feet upon the brink, as, ere
She plunged, she paused to drop a tear —
As sudden as she came, she hied —
O'er stream and prairie rode Guerilla-Bride.

XXXIII.

As thus she galloped o'er the plain
Her brow became serene again ;
A calm sedateness — calm, yet sad
Smile through transparent grief, that had
Marked there her resolution firm :
“ I can but die, if other term
Be not obtained ; and, by his side,
I 'll fall his own, his loved Guerilla-Bride.”

XXXIV.

Her cheerful steed obeyed her will,
And flew o'er plain, and vale, and hill,
Through tangled wood, and prairie wide,
A short, and quick-accomplished ride,
Where numbers on Jacinto's ground
Her fettered husband gathered round ;
And soon, within their midst, beside
Him stood his own, his loved Guerilla-Bride.

XXXV.

Houston had been revived, though still
His wounds had ached but for his will
That only let him breathe more slow :
Aside he now paced to and fro,
With folded arms and darker eye,
And anger waxing fierce and high —
The smarting wound upon his breast,
Unowned gave proud Jacinto mad unrest.

XXXVI.

As thus he walked across the sward
He muttered now — now strove to guard --
“ Yes ; he shall die, the villain ! He
Shall teach the tyrant we are free.
If Santa Anna 'd lose his life,
Let him but follow to the strife ;
Not yet a third time will I yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.”

XXXVII.

Thus Houston muttered — with quick pace
He strode -- strode with contracted face ---
He ground his teeth in agony
And firm resolve still to be free ---
Though they may strive to take his life ---
They may in secret --- not in strife ;
For who shall dare to strike a blow ?
Shall tyrants triumph on Jacinto ? No !

XXXVIII.

Thus Houston muttered --- with quick pace
He strode --- strode with contracted face ---
Just then a being fair bent low
To earth before him, veiled in woe.
“ Brave father, must my husband die ?
O, must he ? ” was the saddening cry.
With eyes of fire that, changing, blazed,
The stern old Hero of Jacinto gazed,

XXXIX.

His eye grew dark and terrible,
As thundercloud of aspect fell ---
It changed --- and now a smile, a tear,
Like sun-ray on that cloud severe ---
Awhile both trembled in his eye,
Then dropped, as from our April sky
The big rain patters 'gainst the wall ;
So down the Hero's cheek the tear-drops fall.

XL.

'T is not unmanly e'en to weep ---
Achilles wept with sorrow deep ---
The Hero knew the creature fair
Who'd saved his being that day there :
She'd rescued him from ready grave ;
And now another should she save !
Another in his manhood's pride
To honor self and his Guerilla-Bride !

XLI.

There bent upon her knees, she bowed ;
Nor hid her tears from gazing crowd —
The Hero raised with gentle hand —
His tears seen, too, by all his band ;
Forgiveness flashed upon his mind —
“ He 's free ! You both are free ! Unbind
Him, and depart ! ” great Houston cried. [Bride.
“ We 're free ! We 're free ! ” exclaimed Guerilla-

XLII.

“ We’re free ! We’re free ! I’ll cut his bands !”
In ecstasy she clapped her hands—
“ We’re free ! We’re free ! High thanks to you !”
And quick as morning light she flew
To loose her husband from his chains,
To bathe his wounds and soothe his pains,
Still crying in her child-like glee :
“ Guerilla-Chief, we’re free ! We’re free ! We’re free !”

XLIII.

“ Return to Mexico from whence
You doubtless came — from Houston hence
This message bear your would-be king,”
Said Houston ; “ tell your maimed thing
That I can never conquered be
As long as earth has yet one free ;
Still to humanity will yield
Upon old San Jacinto’s bloody field.”

XLIV.

Quick loosed the bands the Chieftain bound,
While gazed the angry band around,
And loudly call'd for sacrifice,
As when the tyrant was their prize :
But Houston more of honor knew,
And now, as then, th' condemned withdrew :
Nor to revenge nor wrong would yield
Upon old San Jacinto's bloody field.

XLV.

Spring to your steeds, and be away —
They spring, while still the rangers stay,
By him detained, who as they go :
“Thou saved this breast from crimson flow,
And now another thou shalt save.
Fly, fly ; and Heaven thee from the grave
Protect, as thou this day hast done ---
A wreath from old Jacinto thou hast won.”

XLVI.

Flying o'er prairie far and wide,
Free, free, they homeward swiftly ride,
With humbled feelings, yet with heart
Waked to its nobler, better part
Of gratitude. Revenge no more,
But love their fond lips ever pour:
Love still unmixed with treason's fire—
Love that makes them their country's foe admire.

XLVII.

And now within their own fair grove
They chant their lay of grateful love
For him, who, when he'd conquered there,
Could yet his fallen victim spare;
Who yet another gem revealed
On San Jacinto's bloody field.
Thus do they live in love content
With their Guerilla joys in Union blent.

XLVIII.

Not always in the mansion fair
Above Chihuahua ; but oft there
They visit Nora and her lord,
Who live, forgetting field and sword,
And rear their creole babes ; -- but oft
He sits on Justice' highest loft —
Twice President, and long of Law
The highest Judge -- tis *Paya y Paya*.

XLIX.

Returning to his native home,
He would not longer from it roam ;
But deep immersed his mind in Law,
Resolved his honors thence to draw ;
And well he drew them -- soon attained
That higher loft that few had gained,
Chief Justice of his native land ---
Twice President --- shall Paya's honor stand.

L.

His bride is honored and beloved ---
Their offspring, too, has worthy proved
Of parents such as these ; --- and he,
Brave Houston, sees his country free ---
Has wreathed its greenest laurels round
His aged brow --- is doubly crowned ---
Long let "GUERILLA-BRIDE!" be pealed
With "HOUSTON, HERO OF JACINTO'S FIELD!"

THE END.

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